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POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

No tears for thee! I cannot weep
That thou art gone from sorrow;
That thy young form shall rest in sleep,
Till an eternal morrow.

No tears for thee! I cannot shed
One grief-pearl on thy tomb,
Or think of thee as with the *dead*,
Shrouded in night and gloom.

No tears for thee! Dear sufferer why,
O! why should any mourn,
That thou wast early called on high,
To that celestial bourne.

No tears for thee! Triumphantly
My voice would awake the song,
Since thou hast gained the victory,
And joined the blood-washed throng.

No tears for thee! Thy life hath taught
Submission to His will;
Who, to the heart of grief o'er fraught,
Can whisper, "peace, be still."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Yankee Farmer.

ON THE APPLICATION OF MANURE TO THE SOIL.

Mr. Editor: In a communication published in your paper last year, I endeavored to throw some light on *making and saving* Manure. I will now, as far as I know by experience, give some directions how manure should be *applied*. *The making, saving and applying* manures, is a subject of great importance, and is too much neglected by many farmers. Manure is most effective when applied in a green or unfermented state, to all hoed crops, and in all cases, when so applied, to be completely covered with the plough; in this way the fermentation goes on in the soil, and the crop receives the strength of the manure when most needed. I have learned that manure should not be moved from the heap, previous to its removal to the field intended for its reception; and when moved thither, it should be immediately ploughed in, or put into the hill, as the case may be.

Some, who have the appellation of good farmers, haul out their manure in the fall, place it in large piles, to be put into hills, or leave it in small heaps, to be spread and ploughed in, in the spring.—Now, I think this to be bad husbandry.—Manure thus managed, is exposed to the rains and frosts; and by being completely drenched by the storms, thawing and freezing, and being washed away, becomes almost worthless, in comparison with what it might be, if left in deposite till wanted for immediate use in the spring.

A farmer might have his farm yard constructed with two apartments; in one yard, he can deposit his unfermented manure; and in the other, he can have a compost. By having the two kinds separate, he can plough the unfermented manure in, and manure in the hill with the compost. On land from which a corn crop is expected, unfermented manure should be spread broad-cast, and turned under deep. (The question may be asked, how deep? I answer, as deep as can be conveniently ploughed with a common seed-plough—probably five, six, or seven inches,) and manured with a fine manure in the hill. "There is no crop," says Henry Colman, "that will better reward the most liberal cultivation." With regard to manuring of wheat, it is best to apply the manure to the land the preceding year for a hoed crop. If the crop is well hoed two or three times, the land will be clear from weeds, in a great degree, and will be in fine order for a crop of wheat.

As regards the quantity of manure to be applied to an acre of tillage, many circumstances are to be taken into consideration, such as the strength of the soil, the kind of crop to be produced, (Indian corn requiring the largest quantity,) and the quality and quantity of the manure. The farmer, in making his calculations on this point, should not apportion his manure to his land, but should apportion his land to his manure. "We till too much land," is an expression in very common use. Suppose a farmer has manure at his command, to enrich well, two acres, and no more: would it not be better to apply all his manure to two acres, than four? Certainly it would; the expense of tilling two acres would be saved, besides the satisfaction he would take in viewing his luxuriant crops, under judicious cultivation. I will close this subject by extracting a few wise remarks, from one who reasons from what he knows:

"Let every farmer examine his farm, to see if there be not some mine of wealth in the shape of a marl bed; or, at least, if there be not an accumulation, somewhere, of decayed vegetables, or some ingredients of soil, in which his cultivated fields are deficient. It is believed there are few farms that have not some advantages of this kind—some quagmire, perhaps, which may prove the *making* of the farm. Vegetation draws her stores from the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, and there are no definable limits to her improvements. Our soil, instead of becoming less and less fruitful, as is the mistaken opinion of some, may, by a proper cultivation, be made more, and yet more prolific. Our earth contains the materials necessary to make her surface a garden. All that is wanting, is the *diligent hand* and the *intelligent head*, to make her plains and valleys, her hills and dales, green with thick herbage, and wave with the golden grain."

I hope, Mr. Editor, the subject of *making, saving and applying* manure, will receive a more careful investigation from those who are better qualified, and who have had more experience than the writer of this. On this subject, all good husbandry is based; without a good understanding of this, our labors are almost futile.—I would advise farmers to inform themselves with regard to this subject; what they cannot find out by their own experience, they should learn from other sources,—take the Yankee Farmer, or some other well conducted agricultural paper,—therein you will find the combined experience of the best practical agriculturalists in the country, on this, as well as all other subjects, connected with agriculture.

J. A.

Rumford, February, 1841.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT CROP.

We were gratified to see on our recent visit to the eastern part of the State, that the Planters were bestowing greater pains in the manuring of their lands for the next crop than we have ever seen in that section of country before this. In some places where the farmers have not been able to procure a sufficient quantity of manure from their barn yards, they are hauling in straw and leaves from the woods and scattering them in their simple state on their fields. Heretofore, what little system of manuring there has been, has been confined mostly to the upland Planters, but some of the river Planters are now carrying on an extensive plan of manuring, not only with the trodden leaves and straw from their barn yards, but also by hauling on their fields the rich alluvial deposit left by the freshets on their low grounds that are not cultivated.

We had the pleasure of spending a night with Col. *Taylor*, who plants on the *Wateree:* he is pursuing the system of manuring more extensively than any Planter of our acquaintance, and with eminent success, so far as he has had opportunity for judging from the time he has been doing so. He will probably haul this season, from his barn yard alone, between three and four thousand loads of manure, besides straw in its natural state, and the deposit from some of his low grounds.

Let this system be vigorously and untiringly pursued by all our Planters for ten years, and we shall see the now worn lands of Carolina presenting that rich verdure which in its earliest settlement attracted the emigrants from the old world, and induced them to flock to, a then wild and uncivilized country. Let planters, who are disposed to leave their native State for the fertile lands of the West, but to bestow the same labor and expense in reclaiming their worn lands, which they would be compelled to bestow in clearing and preparing the heavy timbered lands of the West, and then add to this the expense of removal, and the sacrifice of many articles of property, incident to it, let them do this and they will find themselves settled on as productive plantations in Carolina as they would find elsewhere.—*Temp. Advo.*

A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow down this way." To whom the lady thus returned: "waiter, take this cow down where the calf is bleating!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Companion.

THE WAR-WOMAN'S CREEK.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek, or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these—I believe one of the principal tributaries of the Natahalee river, in the Cherokee nation, North Carolina. The Story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838, runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked the house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring, scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not, however, wounded so badly as they had supposed; and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered steadily from the door, and, finding her enemies no longer in sight, hastily extinguished the fire, which, before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had, as yet, made very little impression on the green logs of which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scalpless head, she directed her agonized gaze to the bleeding and disfigured forms of those who, scarce an hour before, had been playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter; and as she felt, in the full sense of desolation, the last ray of hope die within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue in the one absorbing and fell purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek, which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees, she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which, as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, who, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapped in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks, in their belts. Her own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of the burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness—now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression which her wrongs, and the sight of the desolators of her hearth-stone, exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shading all, save two gleaming, spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the stream. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution in her heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifting the instrument, to which her own and her children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side, gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead. Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers, but one, to that long rest from which only the last trump can awaken them. The last devoted victim, however, was aroused to a consciousness of his situation by the death-struggles of his companions. He sprang to his feet, and felt for his weapon. It was not there; and one glance explaining every thing, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand. and with it succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away.—In this piteous plight, the poor woman remained untill near noon on the following day, when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story, and then died.—After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale the little stream, before mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale faces, as the "War-Woman's Creek."

AN UNMITIGATED SCOUNDREL.

Marcus Cicero Stanley, the young man who was recently sent to the House of Correction in London for robbing Mr. Catlin at his Indian Portrait Gallery, is one of the blackest-hearted wretches we have ever heard of. The circumstances of his arrest in London are as follows:

He had been on intimate terms with Mr. Catlin, having, by his gentlemanly address, ingratiated himself into his favor. For some time Mr. C. had been losing money from his pantaloons pockets while they were lying in his dressing room attached to the hall where his curiosities were. The night on which Stanley was arrested, Mr. Catlin, previous to changing his dress, marked four sovereigns and four shilling pieces which he left in his pockets, and then secreted a police man in the room to watch. But a few minutes elapsed when Stanley came into the room, took up the pantaloons, abstracted a part of the money from the pockets and transferred it to his own, and then left the room and joined the audience. The policeman followed him, and, after telling him he was a peace officer, asked what money he had in his pocket. Stanley pretended to be very much affronted at being accused of doing wrong and refused to tell. The Constable, however, persisted in his duty, and searching him, found five sovereigns and a half in gold and silver upon him. Two of the sovereigns and 6s. formed part of the marked money. He was then taken into custody.

On the trial Stanley said he did not intend to appropriate the money to his own use—he only intended to show it to Mr. Catlin after the exhibition, to convince him how carelessly he left his property exposed—said that had he intended robbing him he would have taken his gold watch which was in the same garment.—Mr. Catlin denied this, as since he had suspected himself of being robbed he had taken the precaution of secreting his watch.

On the deposition being read over, Stanley complained that the chief clerk had not used sufficiently expressive language in taking down his defence. He also appealed to the reporters to suppress the case for the sake of his family in this country, which was highly respectable.—He was sentenced to six months hard labor in the House of Correction.

But the offence for which he is now suffering in England is nothing in comparison to his rascalities in this country and Texas. Some two or three years since he was in this city and cut even a greater dash than the notorious Stith. We next hear of him in Texas, concerned in the fatal duel in which the lamented Laurens was killed by Goodrich, in 1837. It may be recollected that some or five or six young men slept in a room together at Houston, among whom were Goodrich, Stanley and Laurens. During the night a $1000 bill was stolen from Goodrich, who, instigated by Stanley, charged Laurens with the theft. Highminded and honorable and at the same time innocent, the latter could not brook this charge and immediately sent Goodrich a challenge. They fought with rifles and Laurens was killed—Stanley acting as his second.—Subsequently it was proved that Stanley himself stole the money, when Goodrich, conscience-stricken at what he had done became dissipated and finally blew his own brains out.

Since then Stanley has figured extensively in this city, and in fact all over the country. In 1839 he again visited Texas, where he stole a $500 bill from a companion. He afterwards passed the bill, it was identified, and Stanley was arrested. He found means to procure bail, when, thinking he was too well known in this country and Texas, he immediately left for England, where he has since been living by his rascalities.

We recollect Stanley here, a small but well made and genteel young man, wearing his hair long, after the present fashion, some year or two before it was introduced by any one else. His high family connections, education and prepossessing manners, gave him access to the best society, and his expulsion from it was always on account of some theft or swindling transaction. His family have long since discarded him, and he is now in a situation where he can commit no rascalities at least for a season. Our only regret is, that instead of six months imprisonment, the English authorities did not sentence him to six score years and ten.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Rather Mysterious and Improbable.—The following little bit of romance is from the Cincinnati Ledger.

A few days since a lady and gentleman arrived in this city from the south. The gentleman seemed to have plenty of money, boasted of his real estate, etc. The lady appeared to be a very quiet and and peaceable body, said but little, and seldom made her appearance at the table of the hotel where they lodged. After being in the city two or three days, one of the landlord's daughters suddenly became very much enamored of the lady above mentioned, and they were at almost any time to be found together in the room of the latter. The landlord saw no harm in their being in each others company, and therefore did not pay much attention to the affair. One afternoon a few days since, the two ladies went out to take a ride in a new carriage, which was lately purchased. Night came, and they did not return. Servants, footmen, hostlers, and almost every body about the place, started out in search of the two ladies, but nothing could be heard from them. Some surmised that the horses had ran away with the carriage, and probably killed those that were in it; others were of opinion that they had got into the river and been drowned.

In the mean time the gentleman who had come to the hotel with the lady, who was supposed to be his wife, made himself perfectly easy. He neither took part in search for the lost ones, nor expressed any apprehensions on their account. Day before yesterday a letter arrived at the hotel for the stranger, and on opening it, was found to read thus:—"John, bring my baggage over to Paris. Tell Mr.——— that my wife (his daughter) is perfectly well, and hopes he'll come and spend the summer with us." The landlord, who had been looking over the stranger's shoulder, suddenly exclaimed, "What does this mean, sir?" "Why," said the man, "It means exactly this; two years ago you refused your daughter to Mr. ———, because he was nothing more than your barkeeper. You likewise discharged him. Since that time he has been to the south and made a fortune. He came here dressed in female's clothes. He found the affections of your daughter were still true to him. "D--n take the fellow, he has outwitted me; but sir, who are you?" "Why, sir, I am Mr. ——'s footman."

The Past to the Future.—The following sentence, from President Quincy's Address, at the second centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, is significant and impressive:—"The great comparative truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history,—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages, is this.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

Good Advice.—Obey the voice of those who love you; be kind to those who counsel you; be affectionate to those who beg you with tears to forsake every false way, and be willing to yield the feelings of your hearts to the control of no bad passion, but to the dictates of prudence and wisdom, and depend upon it, you will be blest through all the days of your life, and peace and happiness will crown them at their close.

Childhood is like a mirror—catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

WABASH TREATY.

The Senate yesterday, in Executive session, as we are informed, ratified, with some slight amendments, the late treaty made at the Forks of the Wabash river, in the State of Indiana, with the Miami Indians. This was a most important measure to the State, as well as to the Indians, as by it the title to the remaining lands of those Indians lying in that State, being about 500,000 acres, has been extinguished, and the removal of the Indians at an early day to the lands set apart for them beyond the Mississippi river; has been secured.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.